

# Good Morning 732

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Calling A.B. Wandless

IT was raining "cats and dogs" when we called at 12, Cranford Avenue, Didsbury, Manchester 20, A.B. Donald Wandless. But that's so typical of Manchester, isn't it?

Incidentally, Don, you will no doubt be interested to know that father has still got all his teeth.

You won't be so interested to learn that you will be expected to dig the garden when you next come on leave, but don't let that frighten you.

Mother had promised herself a day at the races at Pontefract on Saturday. She wants us to remind you not to forget to bring some elephants home with you.

They're all keeping well at home and send you their love, so keep smiling, Don, and as you say, "So long for now."

Charlie has been on leave, and Frank is back in England once again. You will be pleased



## West Country News

A CAPTURED German submarine sailing up the Avon manned by a British crew was watched by an excited crowd on the cliffs in the vicinity of the Suspension Bridge recently.

For three days there was a queue 200 yards long waiting to be shown over the U-boat when she berthed at the quay in the Tramway Centre.

That queue never seemed to grow less, but many waited in vain, for the ship was only in dock three days.

Surprising how many sailors themselves have never seen a submarine at close quarters! One day a Petty Officer, R.N., who had waited two hours, remarked that he had been in the Navy seven years and had never yet seen inside one.

You had to be a very special person to get priority to see inside that submarine. One of the days the crowd was rather nettled when a little man with a perky smile walked confi-

dently up to the sailor at the wrong end of the queue.

"I have an appointment with the Commanding Officer," he said. "I'm Arthur Askey."

"That's it," said another sailor nearby to his pal. "Let's try it."

They did, but it didn't work. The first little man really was Arthur Askey. He was appearing at the Hippodrome.

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NO fewer than 16,000 Bristol women served in the W.V.S., and gave many hours of daily toil to such tasks as distributing clothing to the bombed-out and performing domestic duties for their neighbours.

They deserve more than a passing "Thank you"; so, too, do the members of the Fire Service, who have just handed over over £8,000 to the hospitals of the city—the gift of the men themselves, without any appeal to the public.



## The Oval's Century

JOHN ALLEN tells how a cabbage patch became a famous cricket ground

KENNINGTON OVAL is 100 years old this year.

Mention of this famous enclosure brings back memories to thousands of hot summer afternoons, white clad figures on the beautifully-kept green turf—and Jack Hobbs hitting the ball all round the wicket as he made one of his 196 centuries in first-class cricket.

During the war the Oval was not used for cricket. It was hit during the blitz of 1940. Then, to the dismay of a million cricket lovers, it was transformed into a prisoners-of-war cage, but never used.

Now plans are going ahead for the great Test Match ground to once more be transformed into its old self, but it will cost a great deal of money.

It was on May 11, 1845, that two elevens of the well-known South London team, Montpelier Cricket Club, played the first cricket match on the Oval.

They had been forced by builders to leave their ground at Walworth and, after searching around for a suitable ground, they found a large market garden at Kennington. Covering ten acres, it was surrounded by a small hedge, a somewhat shaky fence, with large holes at various points. Entrance to the ground was through a small wicket gate.

Cricket enthusiasts realised that it would take a great

deal of hard work to transform the "cabbage patch" into a really fine cricket ground.

John South, a local green-grocer, who lived in a house quite close to the Oval, sold the cricketers 10,000 turves with which to lay a wicket.

These turves, it is interesting to know, were lifted from Tooting Bec Common, which is not so very far from Kennington.

It was in the August of 1845 that Surrey County Cricket Club made Kennington Oval their headquarters, and soon they began to develop the ground, draw the crowds, and build up a terrific reputation.

But the Oval became more than just a cricket enclosure. In 1871-72 the first F.A. Cup Final, between Wanderers and Royal Engineers, was staged at Kennington. A small crowd saw Wanderers win by one goal to nil the first of nineteen Cup Finals to be played at Kennington, the last being between West Bromwich and Aston Villa, in 1891-92, when Villa were beaten 3-0.

### HOBBS GATE.

Many of the greatest of our athletes used to compete in

numerous open events, as well as championships, organised on the Kennington enclosure.

Albert Shrubbs, one of the greatest middle-distance runners, set up records on the Oval. Boxing, archery, in fact sports of all types have been staged at various times on the historical enclosure, but it is for cricket that Kennington Oval is known the world over.

When one enters the ground the Hobbs Gate, erected as the result of public subscription, impresses by its simplicity. It is a worthy tribute to a batsman who gave as much to the game as any other player, living or dead. "He who has not known Hobbs has not lived," P. G. H. Fender, for so many years Surrey's captain, once said.

Kennington Oval was the scene of the first Test Match in this country between Australia and England, in 1880.

Since then it has staged many of the most sensational cricket matches of all times.

Just before the war, in 1938, in the fifth Test, Len Hutton, the youthful Yorkshireman coached by Herbert Sutcliffe, stayed at the Oval wicket for

13 hours, 20 minutes, the longest innings in first-class cricket, to make 364, a Test Match record.

At the same time he beat the record for Kennington Oval; this was a not-out 357 by wee Bobby Abel, scored against Somerset in 1899. The Oval has always been called "The Bowler's Nightmare," but this did not prevent Tom Richardson, one of the greatest fast bowlers of all time, taking over 200 wickets in a season. Neither did it seem to hold down, just before the war, Alf Gover, who also topped the 200 mark.

### KNOCKOUT RATE.

They've seen many fine wicket-keepers at Kennington, outstanding being Bert Strudwick, for so many years England's number one stumper.

It was at Kennington, too, that a wicket-keeping record was set up by Ed. Pooley, the Surrey stumper, who in 1868 dismissed, in the course of the match against Sussex, twelve opponents (8 caught and four stumped).

Pooley was as quick as a greyhound, and rarely missed a chance. Once, jumping to take a high ball, he actually caught a bird in flight.

I have seen, at the Oval, Hobbs and Tommy Cook of Sussex, as the result of full-blooded drives, kill sparrows as they were flying low over the outfield.

Julius Caesar was a popular member of the Surrey club during the early days.

No, he was no Roman commander, but a first-class batsman and a daring field. During his long association with Surrey, on the Oval pitch he twice played in Surrey sides which took on the pick of England and defeated them. Descendants of the great cricketer are still playing in first-class club cricket in the County.

The Oval is loved by all those who enjoy a laugh with their cricket. It has not the serious crowd one gets at Lord's. On the contrary, every Saturday afternoon resembles a carnival with the good-humoured spectators, and more often than not, the players joining in the fun.

## Be your own Broadcaster

Suggests Edward Spire

EVERY man may be a broadcaster in future and have his own radio station for business and pleasure. That is the prospect which is said to be giving both the B.B.C. and the Postmaster-General a headache.

It may also have its snags for the enthusiastic man or woman owning such sets.

It is the portable radio transmitter and receiver, popularly known by the Army as the "walkie-talkie," that brings these possibilities near. These sets can be carried on the back, cost only a few pounds, and can be operated as one moves about.

Several firms are planning to produce them on a large scale, though the Postmaster-General is believed to take a poor view of such possibilities of individual broadcasting, and he has the last word in the granting of licences for radio transmission.

The B.B.C., already sympathetic towards the listener who is disturbed by their own programmes broadcast at full strength by a listener next door with his windows open, is not enamoured of the idea of the amateur broadcaster inflicting himself upon all listeners.

Fortunately, most of these troubles can be eliminated with the turn of a switch, and the new "personal" transmitters may open tre-

mendous possibilities in many fields.

The typist of the future may be kept busier operating a transmitting set to answer letters, while friends will be able to keep in touch with each other in broadcasting private messages.

Apart from bringing broadcasting within the reach of almost everybody, war discoveries will be used in your new receiving sets. Though there will not be any revolutionary change in post-war reception, it will be much simpler and easier. Whereas before the war we had "midget" sets that would operate on a few feet of wire for an aerial, we can now look forward to the "super-midgets."

These fascinating examples of scientific research are no larger than a cigar case, and need no aerial for local reception. With a few feet of wire, they will pick up American or other distant stations.

They will be completely portable, being run on dry batteries of a minute size, yet lasting for a considerable time. One of the attractive things about them is the miniature ear-piece, which is almost unnoticeable, and can be used for listening.

The size of the three or four valves in these sets is less than

the top joint of your thumb, but the sizes of all valves have been greatly reduced during the war, while their efficiency has increased.

This has been done by making even the smallest valve do not one, but two or three jobs, so when you are buying that new set, do not necessarily think that the number of valves is an accurate estimate of its capabilities.

Even the best "super-sets" of pre-war makes had at the most three wave-lengths—medium, long and short. The new sets will have a fourth wave-length band, covering "super-short" waves.

These will be the "centimetre" wave-length, at present used almost exclusively for Radar. As the result of the experience we have gained, they will be used for certain forms of ordinary broadcasting, especially over long distances.

The super-short waves will be also those used for the reception of "walkie-talkie" stations.

They will be used for worldwide amateur working, and revolutionise the indicator scale on which Canadian, Australian, American or Chinese stations will be found, and will be as easily picked up as are to-day the Home Service or the Forces programme.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# BIRD IN HAND

WHEN the priest had passed Almeric rose and returned to the settlement. The saloon was closing down for the night, the *sarrapieros* and forest men had gone to their bunks. In the wretched hut in which Mercedes lived a pale light burned.

Almeric had to pass the hut to get to his own, but as he approached it he heard something which made him stop.

It was a scream from Mercedes. Cherito was beating her again. He broke off and slammed the door of the hut shut, cutting off the ray of light which was shed on the ground.

Almeric stood very still. From the forest wall came the droning of a stray *Pauji*—*El muerto esta aqui!* Almeric walked slowly back towards the forest and was lost in its shadows.

Almeric drew a long knife from his belt—his hunting knife, which had a long keen blade—and dashed towards the door. But he pulled up suddenly and listened.

The door of the hut was slightly ajar. The Guaco was not now beating Mercedes, but he was talking drunkenly; and Almeric held his breath as he heard the boasting.

"I tell you," came Cherito's rumbling tones, "we leave here

to-morrow. They insult me. The priest insulted me. He knows I killed the *Sarrapiero* and I have determined to kill him. I shall do it, for he is taking his harvest gifts to the village. There is much money in the church. He keeps it under a flagstone. And I am going to kill Almeric also. Thus shall I get rid of my enemies. They shall not follow us to Panama."

There was only one man near the woods then. Father Joseph came out of his church, locked the door, hung the key on a nail under the lintel and turned his face towards the track.

His way home was past the breeding ground of the *Paujis*. Perhaps his old heart beat a bit swifter than usual; at any rate he still clasped his rosary and murmured his prayers aloud.

A sudden sound from the swamp caught his ear. He stopped and looked in the direction. The strange humming drone of a *Pauji* came to him.

He found his lips following the queer cadence of the hunters' chant.

*El muerto esta aqui! The corpse lies here!*

The sound became louder. The figure of a tall man moved slowly through the gloom among the trees. The drone became still louder. The priest stood very still. It was not a bird which had made the sound after all. It was a hunter; but the hunter must be an expert to imitate the drone of a *Pauji* so well.

a curse, the report of a gun going off, then more splashing and cries; then a sudden silence.

Father Joseph ran forward, calling out. The voice of the man in the wood had betrayed him, and the priest was calling his name.

"Cherito! Cherito! I am coming! Where are you? Where are you, Guaco?"

Not a sound came to answer the

hold, nothing to save a wretch who in the darkness has blundered into the swampy soil where every step leads to swifter death.

Father Joseph came back to the track. He was trembling. But from far up the trail he heard, in the distance, the drumming of the *Paujis* calling to each other.

The priest walked onward, thinking. He decided that he dare not go to the village so long as the secret of the *bejucale* remained untold.

He turned, intending to return to the settlement; and now he heard men's voices.

He shouted, and they advanced, one of them swinging a lantern. They were *sarrapieros*.

"Is that you, Father Joseph?"

"Yes, it is I?"

"Good. It is lucky we found you. We came to see you safely on your way. There is treachery afoot, padre."

"Treachery?"

"Yes, but it is all over now. We have been able to clear it all up. You know Mercedes, padre, the wife of the Guaco, the Hawk?"

"Well, what of her?"

Father Joseph's voice trembled a little.

"She came to the saloon and made a scene, padre. She said that the Guaco had gone on your swamp."

"I ask nothing more, Almeric," he said. "I give you absolution, my son—for catching the bird so warily."

"How?"

"Look at this! It is his hat. We saw it floating on the swamp of a *bejucale* down there, just at the spot he had intended to wait for you. He must have blundered into it, the fool. You were right, after all, padre, in what you said in the saloon the other day. Fate awaits

all Guacos, and his gun was useless. Hullo, who's here?"

A man had approached the group from the gloom of the forest. He bore one curassow in his hand.

"Hullo" he said, "is that you, padre? What are you fellows here for?"

"Almeric! Where have you been?" they cried; and they told him of their quest.

Father Joseph gazed at Almeric and at a curassow in his hand.

"Are you catching birds for breakfast, Almeric?" he asked softly. "Did you not hear any one in the forest?"

"The curassow is for the poor, padre," came the answer. "I caught it for the church, to save you trouble."

Priest and *sarrapiero* faced each other, looking into each other's eyes in the gleam of the lanterns.

Presently the priest patted the broad back of Almeric.

"Take the curassows down to Mercedes, Almeric," he whispered. "She has no one to provide for her. You are best fitted to break the news to her, my son."

And as he spoke the priest looked down and saw, by the circle of light from the lantern, that the trousers of Almeric from the thighs down were wet with the water of a swamp.

"I ask nothing more, Almeric," he said. "I give you absolution, my son—for catching the bird so warily."

THE END.

## Concluding the gunmen's story THE GUACO

And then, swift on the heels priest's call. He reached the side of the first man came another. of the swamp and peered up and The priest saw the second figure down. He waded into the dark against the pale gleam of the water, and felt his feet sliding on swamp. The second man was the slippery mud. A sense of horror following the first; but the first filled him. He seized the creepers took care always to move as he and shrubs, and hauled himself back to safety. Out there, twenty feet from where he stood, he saw a man's hat floating on the swamp.

The first man was acting as a decoy. He was leading the second man on, making him think that he was on the track of a *Pauji*!

As if to prove that his supposition was right, the priest saw the second man stop and raise his arm: *bejucale* is one of the mazes of and in his hand there gleamed the interminable creepers and roots barrel of a revolver. He wavered which infest the virgin forest where for a moment, then lowered it, and the swamps are deathtraps to all started off again to pursue the but tortoises and armadillos.

Through the shrubs the man in one of these forest pockets. dashed swiftly but noiselessly. Creepers of the thinness of twine. Then, suddenly there came the and the strength of wire drag him sound of a splash, a great noise of down, the water seems to leap up someone shouting and struggling, and engulf him; there is no foot-

A shudder passed through the priest's frame. He knew what had happened.

The man he had gone to help had in his pursuit stumbled on a *bejucale*, the dread of all forest hunters and wanderers; for a second man stop and raise his arm: *bejucale* is one of the mazes of and in his hand there gleamed the interminable creepers and roots barrel of a revolver. He wavered which infest the virgin forest where for a moment, then lowered it, and the swamps are deathtraps to all started off again to pursue the but tortoises and armadillos.

Woe to the human being caught in one of these forest pockets. He saw it floating on the swamp of a *bejucale* down there, just at the spot he had intended to wait for you. He must have blundered into it, the fool. You were right, after all, padre, in what you said in the saloon the other day. Fate awaits

## QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a group of horses?
2. Which English cathedral has the longest nave?
3. What is the largest lake in England?
4. What famous tennis player was called the "Bouncing Basque"?

5. Who originated the character of Colonel Blimp?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Road, Street, Lane, Boulevard, Strand, Footpath.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 731

1. Oscillate is to vibrate; osculate is to kiss.
2. Royal Yacht Squadron.
3. Village.
4. Greek.
5. One hour behind.
6. Frost doesn't fall; others do

## People Are Queer

PRINCESS DAVID KAWANAKOHA is dead. She was the last of the princesses of Hawaii.

Her principal claim to fame is that she wore a cloak made of 100,000 yellow bird feathers when she attended the coronation of George V and Queen Mary.

EVER grown sweet peas in the garden? Wing Commander J. C. P. M. Davis, living at Radlett does it. After a day's work he goes home, takes off his coat and sets about tying up, pruning and watering the 1,200 plants he has known since they were seeds.

He reckons to tie each plant to its support with about thirty bits of string—a total of 36,000 for the whole lot.

He and his wife exhibit at the Sweet Pea Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall. They deserve every prize they get.

PILOT-OFFICER CLARENCE was a little tired after a hot journey in a packed compartment, and perhaps his new station did not appeal to him. When Mr. Budd received him, and tried to do the civilities, it was obvious that the pilot officer would need careful handling.

It was when Mr. Budd attempted to undo the new arrival's collar that the trouble really started. For Clarence turned and bit him.

Pilot Officer Clarence is a four-years-old chimpanzee from the Belgian Congo, presented to the Zoo by the R.A.F. boys, whose pet he has been.

When he arrived in a cage he was dressed in full uniform, and with him was a complete flying suit for cold days.

D.N.K.B.

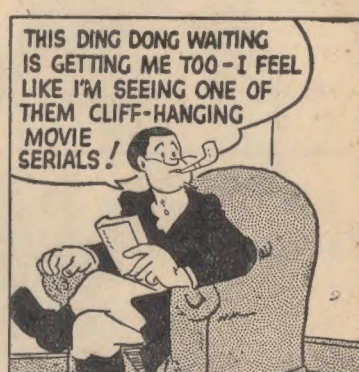
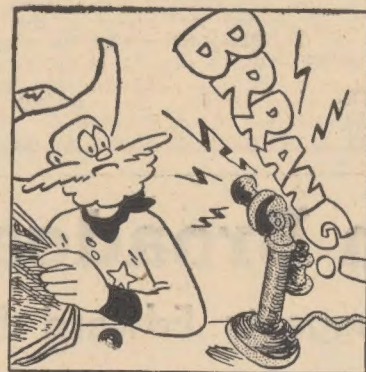
## Heard This Before?

The unit had just arrived in Iceland, and the C.O., who had been reading something about the place, decided to give a few talks on his literary discoveries.

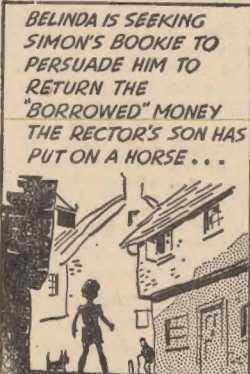
"The Northern Lights will be on to-morrow at five," he said to his R.S.M., "so I'll give a talk to the battalion on them, in the parade ground. If it is foggy and dull, however, it will be in the mess hall."

That evening, in "After Orders" appeared: "To-morrow, at 17.00 hours, the C.O. will talk to the entire battalion on the parade ground, when he will personally put on the Northern Lights. If it is dull, however, the Northern Lights will be put on in the mess hall."

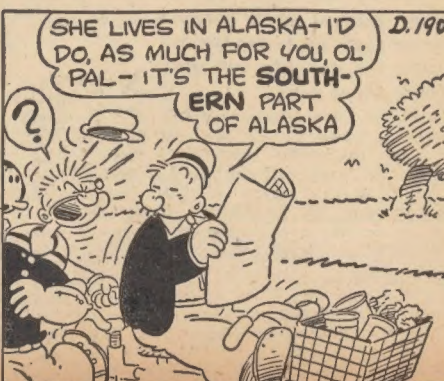
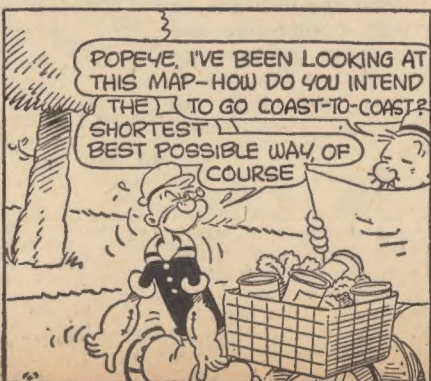
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# Not to be Touched!

THE queerest museum in the world is being opened in London—it's nothing less than an ordinary suburban home at Shepherd's Bush, completely furnished and endowed to be preserved for ever.

Nobody special lived there except 83-year-old Jessie Mylne and she was no pin-up.

But she used to think what a pity it would be when there was no one to take care of her home, she couldn't bear to think of it being broken up.

Her £130,000 will ordered that some of the money should be used to keep up her home.

Over the door will hang a sign, "The J. L. Mylne Museum." The Courts have upheld Jessie's will as legal against disputants who declared that the house would be filled with rubbish not worth looking at.

It just adds another oddity to Britain's already long list of queer museums. There is one that proudly displays a football jersey eaten by a cow, a stiff collar that once made a dog's dinner and a roll of money found in the depths of an Airedale.

It makes sense, of course, only when you know that the collection belongs to the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town.

But what about queer bank-notes issued by Birmingham Workhouse, and notes issued by a Wednesbury manufacturer "redeemable in pounds of red iron"?

They belong to the jealously guarded collection of bank-notes from the earliest times to the present day maintained by the Bankers' Institute.

Soho has a museum of menu cards, including one prize specimen six feet long; and another that lists such Russian curiosities as "bear's tongue" and "tree bark."

**ME AND YOU.**

Soho, of course, is the district par excellence of restaurants, and professional interest accounts for many unusual collections.

There is a collection of bath-taps used through the ages, in the Parkes Museum of Sanitary Engineering.

A collection of decayed teeth becomes understandable when you know that they belong to the London Bridge Dental School.

There's a little-known beer museum at Burton commemorating products that have made the town famous. Some of the exhibits are marked "Not to be touched!"

Few people know of London's cricket museum in the West End, belonging to a famous sports firm. It boasts the finest collection of cricket bats in the world.

There is the oldest bat in existence, a 200-year-old veteran discovered under the beams of an old house; and also a bat bearing the signatures of two famous Aussies, Albert Trott and George Giffen, claiming an even stranger history.

It was found up the chimney of a house in Australia where it had been hidden for 15 years!

There are bats here used by the King and by Dr. Grace, Alec Hearne and "Ranji." One bat bears the marks of gunshot.

Sportsmen must have been firing among the willows and the embedded pellets were allowed to remain when the bats were made.

In a North London museum is a collection of barrel-organ music rolls dating back to the gay nineties.

Everyone has heard of Charlie Brown's collection of curios in a Limehouse pub. To-day, Charlie has another pub—the Roundabout at Woodford—and a proud display of unusual watches, ranging from

timepieces the size of a farthing to a strange triangular Masonic presentation watch.

**PARTING GIFT.**

The famous, but little-visited, Black Museum at Scotland Yard stages another show. An innocent Victorian pin-cushion looks strangely out of place amid the revolvers, daggers and life preservers, but it belonged to a woman whose criminal record was such that she served 82 prison sentences.

A text is worked into it in the woman's old hair. Each time she was released from gaol she left it behind with an officer, and bequeathed it to the museum on her death.

M. Priestley

## Wangling Words No. 671

1. Behead a telegram and get anger.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: akeworeurnickesoemby.
3. What two Books in the Old Testament can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Passengers should put their — on when the vessel leaves the —.

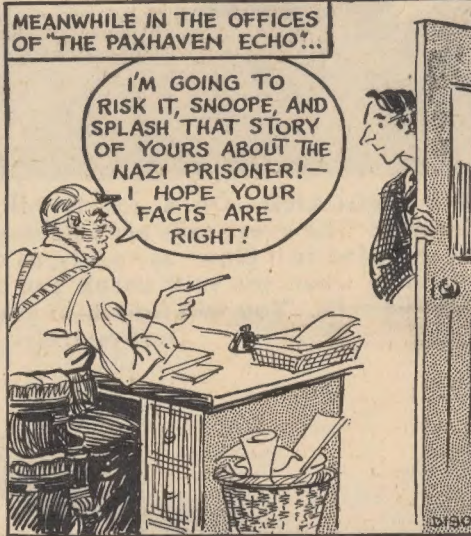
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 670

1. T-rout.
2. Believe your big brother, my boy.
3. EVE.
4. Claimed, medical.

Solution to Puzzle in No. 731.

P R A G U E  
M A D R I D  
V I E N N A  
L I S B O N  
W A R S A W  
A T H E N S  
M O S C O W

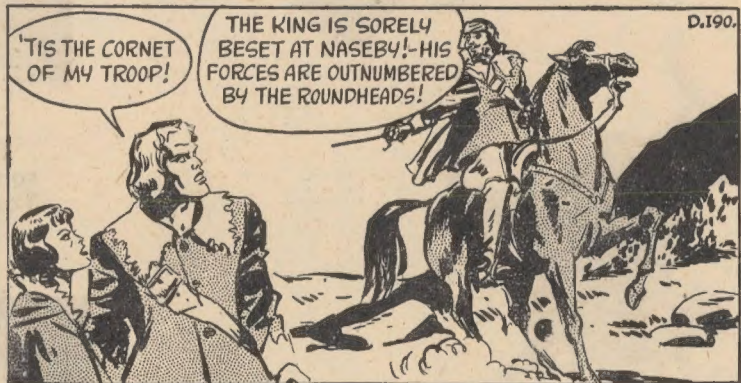
## JANE



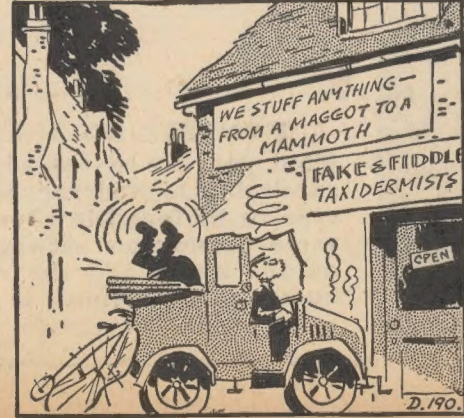
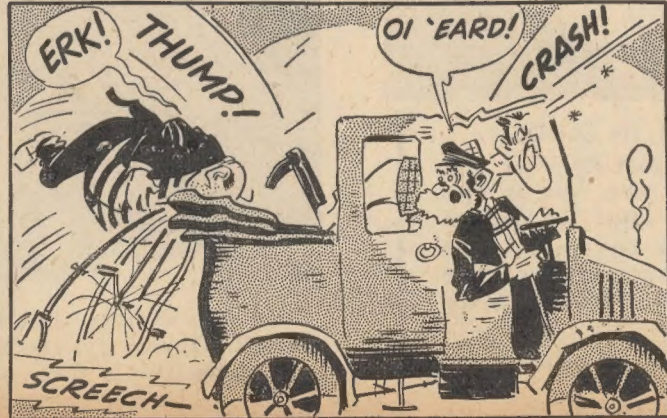
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Adele Jergens

CONTRARY to the usual story of the girl who goes on the stage against her parents' wishes, Adele Jergens preferred a business career. She wanted to go to work each morning and return to her Brooklyn home in the evening. She cared nothing for fame.

However, like every good girl, she listened to her parents, and became a cabaret star, in which capacity she made a tour of some of the big cities.

On her return to Broadway, Adele turned to modelling during the day, but she kept up her contact with the stage by understudying Gipsy Rose Lee at night.

One night, when she had to take over, a Columbia talent scout happened to be in the audience—and Adele began her ascent to stardom.

Now this statuesque, brown-eyed, blonde beauty has achieved the star role in the new mock-Oriental Technicolor satire, "A Thousand and One Nights."

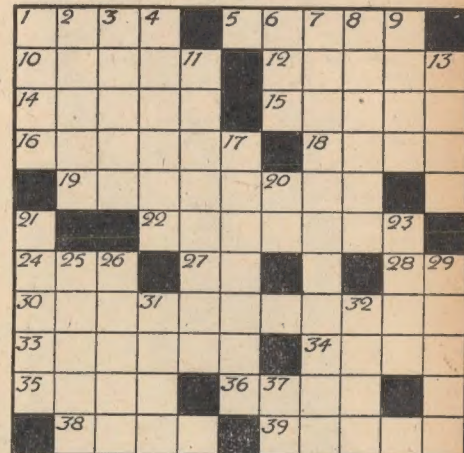
In the role of the Princess who is wooed by Aladdin, Adele has the interesting task of languishing on be-cushioned divans in exotic sequined costumes.

She has changed her mind for good about figures. She has realised her parents' wisdom when they advised her to forgo the adding machine.

Cathryn Rose

## CROSS-WORD CORNER

BRASS SPODE  
LENIENT POM  
OF PLEASURE  
ORB LEG L R  
MELTED BEVY  
SOAR DUNE  
CHAP LANCER  
A T F I R E R A  
SPECIFIC SI  
TAR VENUS S  
ENSUE GROPE



**CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Serene. 5 State of Brazil. 10 Scent. 12 Mitigate. 14 Drench. 15 Tree. 16 Writes letters. 18 Girl's name. 19 Poems. 22 Bad. 24 Fool. 27 Physician. 28 First-rate. 30 Repeaters. 33 Close to. 34 Admits. 35 Box. 36 Eat. 38 Work hard. 39 Hedge.

**CLUES DOWN.**—1 Hoaxes. 2 Choose. 3 Reduce. 4 Cotton stuff. 6 Limb. 7 Whitener. 8 Tax. 9 Afflicts. 11 Put fresh shot in. 13 Timber. 17 Made continuous. 20 For instance. 21 Feather branches. 23 Story. 25 Leaks. 26 Fibre. 29 Result. 31 Beginner. 32 Boy's name. 37 Supposing.





**THIS ENGLAND.**—On a lonely hilltop stands a lonely windmill. The great sails are idle now, rotting into decay. But the wind still blows as keenly, as cleanly, on that lonely hilltop as when the mill shook and thundered under the whirling sails. You will find it—if you hurry—at Heage, in Derbyshire.



## FLYING FOOLS.

As far as we can make out, it's all about a flying endurance test. Seems the guy in the car is relieving the guy in the plane, who takes the place of the guy in the car, who takes the place of the guy in the plane. Aw, heck—work it out for yourselves if you're interested.



## BACK IN CIVVY STREET.

"That's torn it, Dad," mutters the demobbed soldier's son as he eyes his father's attempt to repair the old radio. Too bad that Dad was in the Signals, too. Such a let-down, don't you think?



## MONKEYS DO THEM IN ZOOS!

Mind you, we're not suggesting that the admirable high-kicker on the left is the type to be found in zoos. But we do see some connection between the jovial ape on the swing and the contorting of the human form divine. If you see what we mean.



"Now, now, puss, that's no way to talk." Obviously, she's seen that arrogant Ship's Cat, queening it in her corner.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Obviously, I've seen that stupid intruder!"

